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1927

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No. 4



THE STAFF

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The Snowshoe Race

By ESTHER POND, '28

The time for the great event of the winter season had come. January drifts were heaped high. The bleak, cold air proclaimed the name of Old Winter himself. For the past five years, an annual snowshoe race had been held in the town of Shireton. This year ten boys had entered their names for the event. Now, just before the gun was fired, a large crowd had gathered around the goal, cheering and calling to each individual competitor. Tom, a sturdy, square-set lad of eighteen, eagerly waiting for the starting signal was being watched by many.

"Come on boys!" rang out eager voices. "Step on it," time keeper. What's yer all the time waiten fer, anyway? Can't yer see they're all ready." From another corner came the excited voice of an old timer of the town. "That there boy is sure arearin to be off. Just look at them feet of his. They just won't keep still."

At last came the report of the gun and away the snowshoers sped. "They're off and away!"

"Look, Tom's in the lead! He shore am some kid. Look at him go it. Me for him, any day. Go it there boy! go it!" This, from an old man as eager as the rest.

Tom sped on. Soon he lost sight of the rest as he turned corner after corner. Mile after mile he trudged on. His legs were somewhat lamed, but he kept up. It seemed to Tom that he never had turned so many corners before. What was that house ahead? He had never seen that before. Everything looked strange. Could it be that he had taken the wrong track? Yes, now he remembered he should have taken the other road back about two miles. The fields, like those on the other road, were all barren, and he had not noticed until just now that he was out of his way. Well, the only thing to do was to take a short cut back to the old road. Tom sat down by a post, appearing above the snowdrifts, and unbuckled his snowshoes. Surely there was no harm in resting as he probably was last anyway.

Back on the snowshoe trail the boys

trudged on in their leader's tracks. Now and then one would drop out hoping to be taken back by a passing sleigh. Others kept on, resting now and then by some sheltering tree.

After a mile Tom plunged on once more. He now had about six miles to cover. Soon, the right trail was seen and Tom searched for fresh snowshoe tracks but found none. Where were the other fellows? Was he on the wrong road again? No, he couldn't be! There was farmer Brown's house. He knew he must be right. But where were the tracks of the other fellows? Surely, they were almost at the goal by now. Still, he trudged on. Mile after mile, he covered and nearer and nearer he came to the goal. Only one more mile now! Still believing to be the last one, he kept on, bound to finish. He wasn't going to give up. They couldn't call him a squealer. He was going to finish! The crowd! The goal! In sight at last! The cries of "Here he comes!" "The boy himself!" reached the numbed ears of Tom. He pushed forward to the goal. "Winner! Winner! Hurray for Tom!" came the cries and all other sounds were mingled together, the echo descending into the surrounding hills. Surely there was some mistake. Where were the other fellows? Impatiently, he stood while the winner's badge was pinned to his heavy knit sweater. What could it mean? At last he managed to ask shyly, "Where are the others?" only to receive the reply of "Not in yet." It couldn't be true? He had gone two miles out of the way and the others must have passed him!

Twenty minutes later another boy appeared, soon followed by the remaining competitors. Tom was sought out by the other fellows. With an eager voice, a fellow said, "You're some leader, old Top! Good work, I'll say. What did you go off the track for? We found out only too late your mistake. We were too confident in you. We thought you knew the way. Every fellow to the last one, followed in your tracks."

THE TREES

I love to watch the beautiful trees,
 Swinging and swaying in the morning
 breeze,
 With their leaves all wet from morning dew,
 Making them look so shiny and new.
 Oh, I do not like to think some day,
 They'll lose their beauty and all that's gay.

Victoria Shibley, 8-3.

GRANDMA

Grandma loves her flowers and it is with great pride she keeps up a large rose garden and several beds of old fashioned plants. As she walks along the paths with you, tucking in a stray, aibor rose here, plucking off a dead rose there, you can feel a peaceful calm. Always eager to spend weeks encouraging a dying plant, always glad when a new one blooms, she watches her flowers prosper.

It is the same eagerness in the house. A torn sweater—her needles fly to catch the ravelling yarn. A story written—she listens with pleasure giving ideas here, and praise there. A new dance step—she watches with amusement, and adds a word on how she danced as a girl. A disappointment—she has a soothing word and plan. A sudden hunger—some thin, brown, ginger snaps produced. A dress to be made—she's sure to know the best shade and style. A talked-of "movie" you want to see—she'll be eager to go—if the day is clear and the picture good.

Evenings, I love to watch her as she sits listening to her radio, one arm resting on the arm of her rocker, the other in her lap holding her glasses. The clear eyes gaze off into space and that dear little half-smile proclaims her contentment. Later, perhaps, she wants to play cards. Pinocle is the game, and although she enjoys winning, she seems to enjoy losing as well. True, this seldom happens for it's just pure luck if you beat her. So it is in all matters, always the same eager interest and optimism.

C. W., '29.

THE HARBOR

The harbor was alive with boats of all descriptions, liners, warships, fishing schooners, and ferry boats. Moored to the wharf was a giant ocean liner casting black, oily smoke from its funnels as though anxious to cross the playground of Neptune. Far out in the bay was a little fleet of fishing boats, dipping and bounding along the tops of the waves like a flock of sea gulls, their white sails gleaming like snow as they tacked about on their course. In the foreground was a monstrous battle ship, its huge gray sides rearing high above the decks of the smaller vessels. It seemed to smile with amusement as the little boats crossed its stately bows. There was a faint chugging sound, the cause was soon found for a fleet of little tugs were escorting a mighty liner outside the harbor. They were puny in comparison with the liner but handled it with skill and quickness that was amazing. A squadron of sub-chasers put out from the shore bound for the three mile limit; they were like terriers they were so light and speedy in their manoeuvres down the harbor. The waves often washed across their little low decks as if they were not pleased to have the little boats playing on its surface.

William S. Mabb, '30.

A RUINED SPRING HAT

The box in which my new spring hat had just come from the milliner lay open upon the floor, while in a corner of the room the puppy was worrying some shapeless object. The supposed to be hat looked as if it had been wet with water, put through a press and then finally gone over by a steam roller. The silk of the crown was in shreds strewn all over the floor, while the once beautiful flower on the side looked like a crushed last rose of summer. The wide brim was perforated with holes, looking very much like a sieve. The streamers, wound around the puppy's neck looked as if they had been dragged through miles of mud and then chewed to bits. It was the saddest, most forlorn picture of a new hat I had ever seen and ever hope to see.

Vera Brown '30.

Poems

By PEARL BEAN

THE ADDER'S TONGUE

Yellow, dainty, little lass,
Gracefully dancing as the wind goes past,
Here there are legions,
And yet in other regions,
One stands all alone
Delicate little flowers, pretty Adder's
Tongue.

Now swaying, now bowing
To the farmer who is ploughing,
Just across the brook,
Just opposite your cosy nook.
The one you seem to claim to be your very
own
You wise little flower, lovely Adder's
Tongue.

How lucky you are to be living here,
And to have such a merry streamlet to
grow up near.
How happy you must be,
Growing 'neath this maple tree,
With all the hillside for your home.
You lucky Adder's Tongue.

A SHADY NOOK

Down across the meadow,
Over to the brook,
I follow a little footpath
To my favorite, shady nook.
The one that's sheltered,
With a lovely, shady cloak,
Presented to it by the leafy arms,
Of the great, wide-spreading oak.
The one with flowers growing around it,
Wild flowers thin and tall,
And in the way which they surround it,
They form a flowery wall,
The one where the woodland vines,
Never seem to tire,
As up the great oak they climb,
Higher and higher.
The one where beside it there flows along,
A shining, sparkling brook,
Which is always singing its merry song,
As it flows gayly by this shady nook.

The Iron Will

If you say, "Oh I can't do it."
It's no use to try.
If you don't want to work,
Of course you won't get by.
If you say, "Oh I've failed."
I know I'll never win,"
And you just sit down and wail,
Of course you've lost the thing.
But if you say, "It's possible."
I'll try with all my might,"
Then, you have an iron will,
And you're sure to win the fight.

When the minutes seem to just drag along.
When an hour seems like a year,
And all the earth looks like a cloudy sky,
Keep on trying and 'twill soon be bright
and clear.
When your burden is hard to carry,
And no one will help you along.
When all the world seems dreary,
And everything goes wrong,
Just clench your hand and hold on still,
Though your heart be sick and sore,
Then, you have an iron will,
And you'll soon be safe on shore.
(Continued on Page 8)

Editorial

VACATION

Hand in hand with the passing of May comes the thought of our long summer vacation. No doubt many students have already carefully planned the use of their time. Some will go to work as soon as school closes. They will earn spending money, and therefore be independent during the summer.

Others, perhaps, will save their money to pay their way through college, or other institutions.

Another group may be planning to open their summer camp in the country. After the "clean up" will come hours of enjoyment—fishing, swimming, hiking and other outdoor sports. And to think that this carefree life will last three long months is enough to make any student wish that school and examinations would end.

Then there are summer schools which the ambitious people may attend to gain degrees or honors. This spending of a vacation is in wide contrast to the vacation in the country, but to some people it is more preferable.

June also brings forth graduates. Students who have worked conscientiously for four years will leave our high school to become a part of the wide, moving mass of humanity. Some will continue their studies in higher institutions. Others will become a part of the business world. It is probable that to them vacations will be looked forward to even more eagerly than they were during school-days, for then they were regarded as a matter-of-fact experience, something which could not be avoided if desired, and must take place at regulated intervals.

But because our Seniors are leaving us, does it mean that they will be forgotten? No, indeed. Whatever they accomplish after they leave school will reflect on the school. We therefore extend to the present Senior class our most sincere hopes for their future success and happiness in all phases and walks of life.

Mary Brusco '28.

The Iron Will (Continued)

When the prize you've strived so hard to win,
By some other fellow is won,
Brace up, there is a prize given
For every race you've run.
Though you've tried, and didn't succeed,
Keep on trying.
Don't stop along the way to grieve.
Start to smile instead of crying,
And when you reach the top of the hill,
The hill that was so long,
You'll agree that it pays to have an iron will,
And you'll sing a triumph song.

So when you think you can't succeed,
And nothing will ever come your way,
Use the iron will for your creed,
And you'll chase these troubles away.
When you start a task,
Never leave it till it's done.
Always try to get a firmer grasp,
And you'll soon find out you've won.
Never let your tasks lie idly by until
You find that you're in the hole,
Put behind your work the iron will
And you'll reach a successful goal.

THE HOURS OF BIRDS

It is but an hour before sunset; the butterfly sweeps gently from one rare blossom to another. Down the dim, cool, shadowy isles of the forest comes the flute-like note of a wood thrush. It seems to be a sign for all other birds to join in a glorious medley of melodious songs. Such wondrous sounds were never heard from other than the throats of birds. It is the hour of birds, an hour so full of rapturous happiness as to enthrall an intruder, to hold him spell-bound at the very perfection of every note uttered by these little creatures whom it would seem God had created as a source of comfort and and inspiration to a weary soul.

Mary Sylvia Hunter, 8-3.

School Notes

BOYS WIN PRIZE

Quoted from *The Hampden* of May, 1927

"Shake hands with the best boy judges of poultry in Massachusetts, Richard Kellogg, Elbert Jenks and Leroy Furnier, all of Agawam. In the face of stiff competition from teams which had had considerable intensive training in other counties and at the high schools which run agricultural courses, these boys won first place at the annual High School Day at Amherst.

They brought home with them a handsome silver cup as a tangible sign of their victory. The cup will be in their possession a year. "Longer than that," say the boys unanimously. They are planning to win it again next year and the following year. Then it will be theirs "for keeps."

The fine showing the boys made is the natural result of knowing poultry from every day experience. All three of the boys have been in the poultry club for several years and have handled birds every day in the year. That is the kind of experience which will win out over the short intensive training which some teams receive. Moreover it is the kind of training which will stand them in good stead just as long as they stay in the poultry business. It is quite easy to forget, after a few weeks, what someone has told you, but the things you find out for yourselves by daily experience stay with you always. They become habits."

The rest of the article goes on to tell the way in which the boys trained themselves for this work. It concludes with the following paragraph:

"There are many other accomplishments which might be recorded to the credit of these boys, prizes, honors and general recognition. These brief notes will serve to give all who read an inkling of the kind of boys they are; of the sound common sense which goes along with their interest in poultry keeping and which made it possible for them to win this cup."

CONTEST FOR GIFT OF AMERICAN LEGION OF AGAWAM

The American Legion of Agawam are offering a twenty-dollar gold piece to the member of the senior class who writes the best essay on *Causes and Significances of the American Revolution*. Several members of the Senior class are now hard at work on the essay.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council, aided by Mr. Dacy, has been devoting considerable energy to the finding of ways and means to make the recreation periods more profitable to the school.

The desire, expressed by many, for a tennis court was favorably considered by the Council and accordingly, the janitors have been hard at work laying out a double court behind the school. The Manual Training Department has built the back-stop.

A set of horseshoes has also been bought and the court laid out. Now in addition to their other sports the students may play quoits before school in the morning and during the noon period.

AGAWAM'S MARBLE CHAMPION

Milton King of the Junior High, won the Agawam Marble Championship at the local meet in "Collin's Ring" in North Agawam. He goes to Forest Park on June 4th for the semi-final tournament. We all wish him the best of luck.

PRE-MEMORIAL DAY ASSEMBLY

The Pre-Memorial Day Assembly was in charge of Miss Lynch. A pleasing program of music and recitations, rendered by the pupils, preceded the interesting address of Mr. Henry B. Russell, Editor of *The Springfield Union*.

SCHOOL NOTES

"The Charm School," the Senior play under the excellent coaching of Miss Eleanor Smith, went off splendidly. The cast all "did themselves proud" as the old saying has it. The present Junior class will have to do their best to live up to the standard set by previous classes.

The Musical given by the Glee Club and the Orchestra, under the direction of Miss Perry, was very much enjoyed by all who attended. The hall was not as well filled as it should have been for such an excellent concert. We should go in more heavily for advertising. The Musical is to be an annual affair so those who missed it this time will be given another chance.

The idea of having moving pictures during the noon hour once every few weeks for the benefit of the Athletic Association has proved very successful. Five cents admission is so little that the whole school can well afford to attend. The films are carefully chosen and the style of selection vary, being either films of nature, sport or comedy. Mr. Quirk kindly offered his services as an operator. The Athletic Association appreciates the way in which the school has responded to this plan.

THE JUNIOR PROM

In keeping with the custom, the Juniors held a Prom in honor of the Seniors, on the evening of May 27. The Assembly Hall was attractively decorated with green and silver, the colors of the class of '27. Ray's Rialto Boys furnished the music.

In the receiving line were Grace Pond, President of the Senior class; George Reynolds, President of the Junior class; Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, Miss Smith, and Miss Button.

The Chairmen of the Prom committees were as follows: Decorating Committee, Gordon Wallace; Refreshment Committee, Marion Allen; Invitation Committee, Esther Pond; Music Committee, Ralph Channell.

WINNER OF LINCOLN MEMORIAL ESSAY

The Lincoln Memorial Essay Medal was won by Vivian Brown of Class '27.

THE TYPEWRITING CONTEST

The eighth annual meeting of the Connecticut Valley Commercial Teachers' Association will be held in the Brattleboro High School, Brattleboro, Vermont, on May 28.

At this time there will be a shorthand contest as well as the regular typewriting contest. M. Blair, V. Brown, and H. Marsh are entering both of these contests, while C. Cascella is entering the typewriting contest only.

Miss McIntire and Miss Jauch will accompany them to Brattleboro.

CLIMBING OVER

Johnny decided to climb over. Carefully drawing off his coat, he placed it on a board seat; he next drew off his tie which was cautiously placed on top of his coat. Then he placed one foot on a wooden ledge, and, pushing with his other one, he clawed frantically for a finger hold on the smooth ledge on top. He missed it, and fell back. He struck his head on a board which flew up, sending his coat and tie up and over the top. Johnny rose and gave a hitch to his suspenders and then grasped for a hold as a tremor, then a rocking, threw him off his balance; but he missed his aim and fell once more. He rose hastily, brushed himself off, and set himself to his task once more—that of "climbing over." He placed his foot again on the ledge and after a strong push of his other foot, he succeeded in getting a foot and hand-hold. But, alas! His good luck was not for long, for, just as he was about to jump down, another rocking and trembling made him lose his balance and go over. But this was not to be; his suspenders got caught on an oar-lock and he hung there pawing, clawing, grasping, and wildly kicking, like a young monkey taking his morning exercise. Snap!! Johnny's suspenders broke. Splash! He landed beside his floating coat and tie in a three foot depth of warm ocean water, out of breath but not "fatally" injured.

A. Fearn, '30.



Agawam at Cathedral

Agawam opened its baseball season at Forest Park on April 14th. Cathedral was the opponent. Agawam came from behind to win the game in the ninth inning. Dupuis was the hero of Agawam.

Score: Agawam 4, Cathedral 2.

Agawam at Holyoke

Agawam lost their first game of the season to Holyoke on April 20. Agawam was off form, eight errors being chalked against them.

Houlihan was Agawam's individual hero. He accounted for five of Agawam's six runs. Gero starred for Holyoke.

Score: Holyoke 13, Agawam 6.

St. Jerome at Agawam

Agawam played their first home game against St. Jerome on April 29. It took twelve innings to determine the victor. Dugan won the game for Agawam in the twelfth inning. Connors was the star for St. Jerome.

Score: Agawam 7, St. Jerome 6.

Agawam at St. Jerome

Agawam journeyed to Holyoke on May 2nd to play St. Jerome. It was again a bitter struggle. Agawam came from behind to win the game in the 9th inning. Johnson hit a home run for Agawam.

Score: Agawam 13, St. Jerome 12.

Agawam at Adams

Agawam contended with the strong Adam's High nine. Agawam displayed a fine brand of ball.

Dugan pitched Agawam to their third straight win. Gotz, Adam's catcher, knocked a long homer in Adam's half of the 9th.

Score: Agawam 7, Adams 4.

Enfield at Agawam

Agawam conquered Enfield on May 6. Roy held Enfield to two hits in seven innings.

Enfield proved to be a mite weak with the willow.

Reynolds, Agawam catcher, had a perfect day at bat. Bodman also showed strong hitting power.

Score: Agawam 9, Enfield 3.

Stafford Springs at Agawam

Agawam swamped Stafford Springs on May 10.

The all-around play of Agawam excelled.

Consolati made two hits in the first inning.

The game was called in the seventh.

Score: Agawam 15, Stafford Springs 0.

Agawam at Palmer

Agawam threw a scare into the Palmer camp on May 13.

Agawam was in the lead up to the eighth, when Palmer came from behind to win.

Canegallo, Agawam's third-baseman, was out of the game with an injured hand. Roy and Consolati were Agawam's best hitters, while Wadas' home run won the game for Palmer.

Score: Palmer 11, Agawam 8.

West Springfield at Agawam

West Springfield upset the Agawam dope on May 18.

It was a well played game. Hanna and Parent were best for West Springfield while Houlihan featured for Agawam.

Score: West Springfield 5, Agawam 2.

Ware at Agawam

For the first time in its career, Agawam won over Ware in baseball. It was a long, drawn-out game.

Ware made five runs in the first inning, but Agawam made ten in their half. Bodman and Reynolds made the most hits for Agawam while Slosek did the same for Ware.

Score: Agawam 16, Ware 11.

Junior High Page

THE CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

The Current Events Club was organized in September, with Mrs. V. W. Phillip as leader, for the purpose of stimulating a greater interest in Current Events topics and securing a broader scope in History, Science, Literature and Politics. There are seventy active members and ten honorary. Each member is a subscriber to a small weekly paper called the "Current Events."

The meetings are held once a month. The first meeting was held in October for the purpose of electing officers. They are as follows: President, Alma Colson; Vice-President, Charles Marsh; Secretary, Lucy Smith; and Treasurer, Frank Goss.

Several entertainments consisting of current topics, readings, musical selections and jokes have been given in the Assembly Hall during the winter months. A skating party and dog roast at Mill Pond, Agawam, and a picnic at King Phillip's Stockade, Forest Park, Springfield were much enjoyed.

One meeting which was particularly interesting took the form of a roll call, each member responding to his name by giving a topic taken from the Current Events, magazines and newspapers. Several persons choose the topics about the Mississippi Flood.

The club has created a great deal of interest among the members of the Junior High School in Current Event topics.

Mae Novelli.

BIRD CLUBS

There have been two bird clubs organized in the Junior High School because the number of people interested in the study of birds and their habits, was too large to be taken care of by one group.

The officers of the Bird Club of 9-2 areas follows: President, John Tronconi; Vice-President, Henry Madden; Secretary, Alma Smith. The officers of the other club are: President, Bion Wheeler; Vice-President, Pearl Bean; Secretary, Florence Bradford. The faculty advisor of both clubs is Miss Bugbee.

Every week the clubs hold a meeting—either one in school or one outside in the form of a bird walk. The program for the inside meetings consists of talks by various members of the club on birds and their habits. At one of these meetings both groups met in the Assembly Hall to listen to Mrs. Ingalls, the President of the Allen Bird Club of Springfield. One particularly interesting trip was to the Science Museum in Springfield where stuffed birds were studied as an aid to recognition of birds in the fields. The bird walks have been very instructive because on them, birds have been studied in action in the woods and fields. These clubs are doing all they can to help protect our birds.

THE ALPHA CLUB

The Alpha Club of the Junior High School is composed of students who are doing "A" work in arithmetic. Membership is open only to these pupils.

The aim of the club is to promote interest in mathematics. It offers an incentive to all students.

There are at present thirty-three members. Officers of the club are Alma Colson, President, and Lillian Linehan, Secretary.

Meetings are held on alternate Tuesdays during the club period in the Legion Room.



TWIN STATE CONFERENCE CHAMPIONS

Wallace, Coach Smith, Channell
Roy, Dugan, Canegallo, Fortini
Consolati, Captain Pond, Reynolds

Alumni

As the fifth year of Agawam High nears its conclusion it finds it's seventy-eight alumni in various places of work.

In the class of '24 we find Norton Austin with Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Elise Blish at the Springfield Library.

Florence Blish teaching at East Longmeadow, Mass.

Dorothy Bodurtha at home.

Mrs. Marjorie Fay Sommerman at home in Warren, Mass.

Alfred Gelstharp, Jr., at Amherst College.

Edmond Gosselin with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co., and a Junior at Northwestern University.

Louise Hawley at the Sorbonne, Paris, studying.

Elna Hendrickson with the Fire and Marine Insurance Co.

Everett Kellogg at Bay Path Institute.

Elizabeth Marsh teaching in Suffield, Conn.

Mrs. Alice Matteson Woods at home in Feeding Hills.

Mrs. Helen McLaughlin Grady at home in Springfield.

Caroline Novelli with the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Vera Pomeroy training at Springfield Hospital.

Paul Rudman working for F. J. Skinner Co., Agawam.

Marion Scannell at Bay Path Institute.

Marion Seaver working at the Springfield Library.

Mrs. Edith Smith Channell in the office of the Springfield Telephone Exchange.

Alfred St. John at the Third National Bank. He is also doing Junior work at Northeastern University.

Elizabeth Tilden at the office of the Wico Electric Co.

Andrew Toussaint at Worcester Polytechnical Institute.

Henry Twine with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co.

Gladys Wells with the Commercial Trust Co.

Medora Wilson with the Springfield Telephone Exchange.

And in the class of '25 we find:

Rita Ashe at Bay Path Institute.

Marjorie Bitgood in the office of C. W. Atwater and Son.

Avis Bodurtha at Nasson Institute.

John Carroll with the Bosch Magneto Co.

Paul Carroll at Fordham University.

Michael Charvat helping his father on the farm.

Mrs. Beatrice Daley Johnson at home in Agawam.

Griffith Davies at Cornell University.

Clara Duclos at the Adaskin Furniture Co.

Lillian Dumond with U. S. Spring Bed Co.

Charlotte Goss with the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Maybelle Kennedy at Smith College.

Edward Knudson at Aitken's greenhouse.

Margery Leonard at Brown University.

Katherine Lucardi on office staff at Albert Stieger & Co.

Hazel Madden, a stenographer at the Royal Typewriter Co.

Ethel Matteson at home.

Elizabeth Mengis at home.

Marion Mengis teaching music.

Mary Neylon at Miss Twitchells' Kindergarten Training School.

Pearl Randall in the hairdressing business at her home.

Harry Raplus at Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Charles Raymond working for the Boston and Albany R. R. Co.

Frank Rosso with the N. E. Box Shop Co.

Lorraine Roy at Pratt Institute.

Marion Smith at Bay Path Institute.

Opal Wingard training at Springfield Hospital.

Clintina Wright at Bay Path Institute.

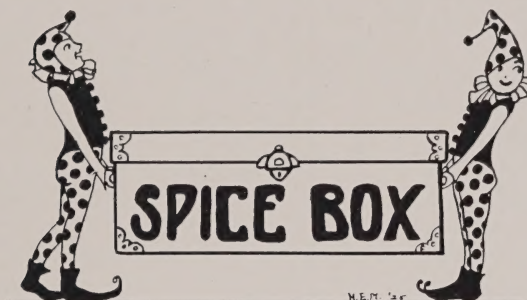
In the class of '26, we find:

Doris Baldus at Eastern States Farmer's Exchange.

George Clark with the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Harold Cleary farming.

(Continued on page 16)



Miss Lynch: "What is paralled and never meets?"

King: "The railroad tracks."

Ligarski: "Sure they meet."

Miss Lynch: "Well, Ligarski, where?"

Ligarski: "At the switches."

The children were being weighed by the school nurse when one little boy in the lines yelled, "Hey, Jimmy, ya got a big hole in yer stockin'."

"Oh darn it," was the reply.

Behind the Times

Teacher to little boy: "Why aren't you working?"

Little boy: "Because after you got through talking you said, 'Now go on with your work' and I hadn't even started mine."

Miss Barnes: "Ruel, what did they find in the mountain besides iron and coal?"

Knudson: "Cotton."

"Have you ever heard the story about the man carrying water in a paper bag?"

"No. What is it?"

"It hasn't leaked out yet."

Rovelli: "He was very wise in getting away from guns and from other animals."

Ken Wright: "How can we freeze ice?"

Gordon Johnson: "We can't."

P. Ferrarini reading list of menus for the Senior class banquet: "From the Oaks we have two menus; one for a turkey, and one for a chicken."

V. Brown (translating in French III): "She was standing on the door."

Miss Ward: "What happened to the Turks in Europe after the World War?"

Anna: "The Turkeys were driven out by the Greeks."

Father: "Why is it that the hen is always laying in the coal?"

Son: "She must have read the sign, now is the time to lay in your coal."

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ALUMNI

(Continued from page 14)

Roy Cowan with the Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Lucille Crouss at home.

Kenneth Decker at Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Richard Filley at Houghton's Garage.

Winifred Gosselin at home.

Arthur Johnson in Providence learning the florist business.

Raymond Jones with the Bosch Magneto Co.

Harold King at Bay Path Institute.

Josephine Lango in the office of the H. R. Hunting Co.

Myrtle Loncto with the Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Peter Montagna with Smith & Wesson Co.

Stephanie Nacewicz at Moskin's Credit Clothing Co.

Florence Pattison a stenographer at Gilbert and Barker's Manufacturing Co.

John Pilch with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., New York City.

Meredith Reed in the office of Meekins, Packard, and Wheat.

Clifford Rhodes at Bay Path Institute.

Lucy Rouillard at Brown University.

Adam and Joseph Satkowski at Northeastern University, Springfield.

Helen Talmadge at Westfield Normal School.

Corinne Wright at Fitchburg Normal School.

Karolyn Wright training at the Springfield Library.

Later: The Agawam girls came home victorious; the four of them had each won a prize. It is unusual for one school to carry off so many honors.

In the typewriting contest the first prize went to Marion Blair '27, second prize to Hazel Marsh '27, and third prize to Caroline Cascella '28.

To the winner of the first prize was given the John Pickett cup, which will be in possession of Agawam High School for one year.

Vivian Brown won the second prize in the Shorthand 100-word contest.

No better example could be shown of what can be accomplished through hard work on the part of pupils under the instruction of an experienced, inspirational teacher.

A FEAT SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE

To pass through that room without arousing the sleeping household was seemingly impossible, but it was my only chance so I resolved to try. Opening the closet door slightly, I crept out. Everybody was sleeping, but I knew that the slightest noise would awake the baby. Crawling on my hands and knees I managed to reach the other side of the bed when the baby gave an ear splitting yell. With one cat-like roll, I was under the bed. My heart was going like a trip hammer. Mother got up, gave the baby a milk bottle to quiet her, and went to bed again. I waited long enough to hear them all breathing heavily and started again to try to reach the next door. Fortune was with me, the door was unlocked. I started to open the door very quietly but fate would not have it so. The door squeaked like a pack of mice with a cat after them. I managed to reach the other side of the door when the baby gave another ear splitting yell. That was all I wanted of that house. Going quietly as possible, I managed to reach the front door. Finding it locked, I took out my master key, unlocked the door, and went down the street.

J. Zerra, '30.

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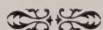
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THE COUNTRY BOY

He was a sight to behold. On his bright, red, straight hair was an old straw hat, which had seen better days. His face looked as though he had the measles, for every inch of it was covered with tiny red spots or freckles. His shirt was opened at the throat showing a long, scrawny neck which reminded one of a swan's neck. The overalls had been washed too many times. The legs had shrunk until they were skin tight. On each knee of his trousers were two, bright red gingham patches. His long copper colored feet were bare and on his large toe was a piece of none too clean rag tied with a huge knot. His face was wrinkled with a grin reaching from ear to ear.

E. Pronk, '30.

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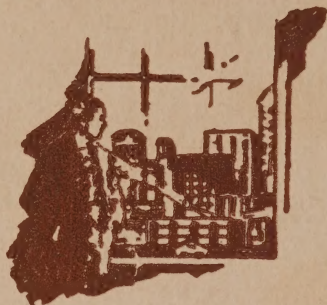
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